FREMONT JOURNAL.

No Sacrifice of Principles.

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FREMONT JOURNAL:

I. W. BOOTH, Editor and Publisher.

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"What is the Difference!"

BY MRS. H. F. M. BROWN.

"What is the difference, mama, between a lady and a sewing-girl?"

"Play with your doll, child," replied the mother.

"I am playing with my doll, and you can tell me the difference now. You say that Mary Long is not a lady, but a sewing girl, and I love her better than the ladies who come here. What is the difference, mama?"

"Why, Bell?" said I, "Do you teach your child *such* nonsense?"

"Do you call that nonsense?" said Bell.

"Yes, nonsense, Bell," was my answer.

"Well, replied Mrs. Stanley, "so it may seem to you; but I only told Carrie what the would calls ladies, and; you know as well as I that sewing-girls are not considered ladies.—There is no use in going against public opinion."

Bell! Bell do you remember—? The words died upon my lips, for I saw Bell's large brown eyes filling with tears. It may be that Bell was thinking of the happy, happy past, when she was unwedded to custom unschooled in deception. Her thoughts might have been in her humble home at Elmdale, where she spent the golden days of childhood, and won the appellation of "the beautiful seamstress."

I only know that they were not tears of anger, for Bell knew, that with all her faults I loved her as a sister.

Mrs. Stanley walked to the window, and began to look at the falling snow.

"A bad night for the party, cousin," said I, wishing to change the subject.

"Yes," replied Bell.

"How comes on the party dress?" I asked, hoping to hit upon a theme that would dry the tears.

"Well. It is a capital fit. Do you wish to see it?"

Bell led the way to a little out-of-the-way room, heated to suffocation by an air-tight stove.

There sat the sewing girl the object of our discussion, the cause of Bell's tears.

Mary raised her soft hazel eyes, bowed hesitatingly, then with blushes turned to the rich white silk, wondering, I thought, why Mrs. Stanley did not give her an introduction.

"Will you have the dress done in time Mary!"

"I will try," said Mary, playing with renewed energy the needle.

"I hope you'll not disappoint me," said Mrs. Stanley, for the party will be made up of the fashionables, and I would not like to wear an old dress?"

"What a pretty girl, Bell, who is she?"

"I don't know, only that she is the daughter of a poor man who came recently into the city. I've given her employment these eight weeks. I don't know how the family would live, but for me."

Bell thought she had done a wonderful charity deed, and a smile of satisfaction lighted her care-worn brow.

"But," I said, "you'll not keep her long, I fear. There is a strange light in her eyes; a hectic flush upon her cheek. Is she well?"

"Yes, for aught I know," replied Bell; "yet I may not keep her long, for John Lester is in love with her. Only think of it. The son of a million-aire in love with a carpenters daughter."

"John Lester is fine, generous, noble-hearted fellow," I replied, "hope he'll have the good fortune to win Mary Long."

"You know better, cousin, said Bell. "You know there is between Lester and Mary a vast difference, and it would be a wretched match."

I made no reply; for as Bell said it is hard stemming the current of public opinion. I went my way, wondering how some people could forget so soon and wondering how the son of a certain carpenter would be received, if in the poor man's garb, with his friends, the fisherman, he should present himself, Mr Stanley and Bell would receive him kindly, of course; for Mr. S. has given ten thousand dollars towards building a temple in the name of this same carpenter's son.

Bell was not heartless. Oh no! Originally she had as pure, as free, as loving a heart as ever beat in human bosom. True she was vain as beautiful. She loved display; loved admiration. So for fame, for paltry, pelf, Bell my beautiful cousin, bartered her beauty, her freedom, her happiness and her—soul.

"How is Mary?" I enquired, when next I met Bell.

"Don't know; have discharged her."

"Discharged Mary!" for what?"

"Why she came so late in the day that she could do but little by daylight, and then she did not seem willing to have her wages reduced."

"Why did she go home?"

"She said her father was sick, and that her little brother could not take care of him, but I think the true cause was Lester always happened here to go with her so her father was the excuse." Bell shook her head insinuatingly. "It is just the way I thought a pretty face always deceives me. I'll be more on my guard again, and not be led captive by smiles and blushes."

One bright morning the next May, I went to the city cemetry to show my little friend Dudu her brother's grave.

Just opposite Mareu's, we observed a newly made grave, enclosed with a wire paling; a white marble shaft at the head, with the simple inscription. 'Mary,' was all we knew of the dear sleeper. While we were guessing at the history of the tenant of that lone grave a little rosy-cheeked, curly headed boy came bounding along with a sod of white violets. A pale form moved slowly behind the boy—a man bowed to earth mor by grief than years. They stood a moment speechless by "Mary's" grave. I longed to take the pale thin hand of the old man in mine; and ask him what great sorrow was bowing his soul to the grave what idol death had conducted to the, shadowless land; but his grief was too deep, his sorrows too sacred, for the curiosity of a stranger.

The old man planted the violets upon the grave, then lingered a moment as if to survey the spot reserved for him by his loved one's side when his life-lamy burned out. When he turned to walk among the graves.

I ventured to ask the little boy, who was watering the violets, whose was that newly made grave.

"Tis my sister's," said the little fellow, 'Mary Long's grave.'

"Mary Long's! Is Mary Long Dead!"

"Yes ma'am," said he, while the tears dropped from his cheeks.

"How long has Mary been dead?"

"To-day two weeks.

"What was the matter with your sister?

She took cold in the winter, coming from Mrs. Stanley's warm room. Our house was cold, and she had to be up nights with father then she got sick, and we took care of her till she died."

"What makes you cry so!" said Dudu.

"I cry because Mary is dead, and Iv'e no mother nor sister now."

Dudu went up to the little fellow, wiped away his tears with her apron, and told him what a nice place Mary and Maron now had that her mama told her that her brother was not dead, but gone to heaven to watch over us till we went to him."

"Mary said she would always be with us but we do not see her, and we are so lonely;" and the dear boy gave vent to his grief in tears.

"Only see this nice headstone?" said Dudu trying to divert the child. "Where did your father get it?"

"My father did not get it. It was put there yesterday."

"Who did get it?"

"We think it was Mr. Lester. He helped us take care of Mary, and bought her this lot to be buried in."

"What is the difference now between Mary and Bell?" I said mentally. Mary sleeps sweetly beneath the willow. The world, with its cares and ills are naught to her now. Bell is law-bound to a gouty, genteel, dignified old miser—a man whose gold makes him endurable. Carrie, her idol, the sepulchre hides from her sight, and Bell, the beautiful Bell, whom the world calls happy, because rich, longs for a quiet nook by the side of her child, but this boon even is denied her.

Female Physician.

The Boston Journal strongly advocates the introduction of females into the ranks of the profession. We consider the needle a much more appropriate weapon in the hands of women than the scalpel or bistoury.—*Exchange.*

Do you? Just suppose yourself a forlorn sick bachelor, in the upper story of some noisy boarding house, whose inmates don't care a pinch of snuff whether you conclude to die or get well. Suppose your'e watched that spider in the corner weave his web, till you are quite qualified to make one yourself; suppose you have counted, for the thousandth time, all the sheperdesses, distorted little dogs, and crooked trees, on the papered wall of your room; gnawed your finger nails to the very quick, and twitched your moustache till every hair stands up on its own individual responsibility. Then—suppose just as you are at the last gasp, the door opens, gently, and admits (*not* a great cracking pair of boots containing an oracular, solemn M. D., grim enough to frighten you into the church-yard) but a smiling, rosy cheeked, bright eyed nice little live *women* doctress, yes?

Well, she pushes back her curles, throws of her shawl (Venus! what a figure!) pulls off her glove, and takes your hand in those little fingers. *How your pulse races:* She looks at you so compassionately from those soft blue eyes; lays her hand on your forehead and then questions you demurely about your "symptoms," (*a few of which* she sees without any of your help!) Then she writes a prescription with those dainty little fingers and tells you to keep very composed and quiet, (just as if you could) smooths the tumbled quilt—arranges your pillow—shades the glaring sunlight from your aching eyes, with an instinctive knowledge of your unspoken wants: and says with the sweetest smile in the world, that she'll "call again in the morning;" and so the—folds of her dress flutters through the door; and then you crawl out of the bed the best way you can—clutch a looking glass to see what the probabilities are that you have made a favorable impression! inwardly resolving (as you replace yourself between the blankets) not to get quite well as long as she will come to see you. Well, the up-shot of it is, you have a delightful lingering attack of *heart* complaint.

For myself, I prefer prescriptions in a *masculine* hand! shan't submit my pulse to *anything that wears a bonnet!—Fanny Fern.*

Influence of departed Friends.

O how elevating is thought! In the fever of life, when the head is hot, and the heart beats fast, how good is it to pause a moment, and think of those who are removed from the contagion of our excitement; who are no longer jostled about by society, at war with itself and with nature! Without such meditations to cheer our distracted existence, I know not how we could live. The soul longs for a state of full activity, yet harmonious and calm. But few can attain to it here; yet we all have its promise in those rare moments, when lifted to the highs of our being by prayer, or enthusiasm, or quiet, ascending contemplation, we know the meaning of that word which expresses the last result of Christain discipline—peace.

At such times, the thought of those who have gone before us is seldom absent. How superior an influence like this that we exert upon each other in our every day existence. It is not true that our friends in the spiritual world are the only true ones; for never with them do we hold intercourse in our moments of weakness, but our hour of lofty endeavor and virtuous elevation. As when the sun is resting below the horizon, we may climb to the mountains top, and standing in the dazzling light, seem to those below us transfigured; so, upon the loftiest summits of our being rests a light from the spiritual world; and at times we are permitted to stand in it; then our soul's are cheered and purified, and our faces become "like the faces of angels;" we are in the presence of God and the departed good, and those around us hang upon our words as utterances of inspiration!

Blessed be those who in another world still think of us, and thus transport us with their presence? We would not call them back, but by prayer and purification would go to them—*Extract—Rose of Sharon.*

Educational Department.

An Address.

The following address was read by Mrs. S. E. Clayton, before her school and the school directors of Fremont, and contains many very excellent ideas. She has been teaching one of our primary schools, and we learn, with much success:

Man, noble in reason and exalted in intellect, and made in the image of his Creator, is but a grade above the brute creation, without that knowledge which it is his duty and privilege to acquire.

Consequently it becomes the duty of parents, teachers, and all others who are interested in the welfare of the rising generation, to place every inducement before them to climb the rugged hill of science. They should have good teachers. Not those who are merely qualified to pass an examination and care nothing about the interest of the schools, but those whose minds and energies are engaged in this noble field of labor.

The minds of the young are much more susceptible than many imagine.

The impressions made by their teachers, time can never efface. Cold must be the heart of that child that will not be influenced by a kind and faithful teacher. And should they be induced to walk in the path of usefulness, how great will be the blessing to society. The future destiny of our beloved country depends upon the rising generation.

Such boys as these, that now compose so large a part of our common schools, must soon take the place of those that now rule us as a nation; and it is the sincere desire of every patriot, that they may become learned, virtuous and happy.

Then will slavery and intemperance, with all their consequent evils, cease to blot the fair pages of our history. Our common school system is one of the best in the world. The rich and the poor here find a level; and there is as much interest manifested for one, as for another. Then how careful should those be who have the responsibility of employing teachers, to employ those only, who are well qualified, and take a deep interest in the welfare of children, to preside over the youth of our land.

Of how little value is paltry gold in comparison with the worth of the immortal mind.—But, alas, for frail mortality, how much higher do they value it!

Who are those generally employed as our teachers? All must admit they are those who teach for the lowest wages. Community do not think hard that they are taxed for the support of our government, sufficient to pay those in authority from three to sixty-eight dollars per day; but he who toils to adorn the the minds of their children, is considered as unworthy of a dollar, and they complain very much at fifty cents.

Teachers should visit the parents of children. It would often prove beneficial to converse with them in reference to the interests of those they have placed under their care.—I have often heard it observed by persons, that they have got along in the world without so much education, and their children are no better than they are.

This is poor philosophy, because our great grandmothers baked bread in the ashes and got along very well, it does not follow as a matter in course that we shall lay aside all our conveniences and do the same. They improved their privileges and it is our duty to improve ours. If we do not we are accountable for it.

The old fashioned doctrine that girls do not need as much education as boys, is, I think, looked upon by this enlighted community, as one of the errors of past ages, which no one will condescend to advocate.

That responsibilities of females are as great, and even greater, than those of males, has long been admitted by those who are qualified to be her judge.

It is hers to mould the infant mind, to minister to the suffering and destitute, and preside over a home where all should be joy and peace. It is true her voice is not heard in the halls of Congress, and seldom in public assemblies; but like her Savior, she is to do good to all living. If her education was what it should be, the trifling novel, the latest fashion and the silly song, to her, would have no charm, for she would have pleasures of a nobler character, in which angels delight to engage. Then she would no longer be the slave of man, but his most beloved companion. I have not the education I desire, but I am in the morning of life. I expect yet to drink of the crystal fountain of knowledge.

And it is my humble desire, that my beloved country may rise as much higher, as her privileges are greater than surrounding nations. And it would add a brighter star to that banner, which we are proud to call our own, than if we had one of the richest kingdoms of the world, brought beneath our sway. And now, beloved scholars, if your duties are to be of so important a character in after life, how necessary that you should be diligent. Let your teachers possess whatever qualifications they may, unless you make an effort for yourselves, their efforts will be of little avail. Then, constantly endeavor to improve your minds, for you are trimming a lamp that shall burn forever. Since I have been with you, in most of your studies, you have made rapid progress. But I must now leave you. I trust that when another shall fill my place, your efforts will not be less, but greater.

Go on then, with unyielding perseverance, and you shall reap a rich reward.

The sun, the earth, the stars, may pass away,
All nature change—no monument remain—
The mind of man shall onward move,
And hold communion with its God.

Two women were brought before the Police Court in Brooklyn, N. Y. on the 4th inst., charged with beating their husbands. The magistrate, after hearing the evidence, decided that the husbands deserved all they got, and discharged the complaint.

Manifest Destiny.

We should think the Manifest Destiny statesman would get tired of hearing themselves talk. This playing of a magpie is tiresome. If they would vary the tune, or enliven their discources by something new, it would be more endurable. If they would favor us with the eight part of a new idea, or refresh us with a speculation that has not been worn utterly threadbare, we would rejoice and take courage. But this eternal iteration and reiteration of the same old song sets one's teeth on edge. We had as lief listen to the filing of a mill-saw. When are we to have relief? Will not the Manifest Destiny statesman die to oblige us? In the ordinary course of nature it will be long before we shall get rid of the existing crop. Unless we can have the aid of the cholera or some other agent of translation, our case is forlorn and well nigh desperate. They stand round about us with grave and sage looks—the solemn procession confronts us at every turn: as we prolong our gaze they look more lugubrious and dismal than the chaps that froze Tam O'Shanter's soul in that memorable visit of his to Alloway's Kirk, some years ago. They grow to be grim spectres, with skinny, witch-like fingers, bare arms, ragged vestments—carrying lurid torches —and whips of scorpions, with a flunating motto "havoc, and spoil, & ruin are my gains," Their turgid nostrials breathe, and their burst ing eyeballs glare upon us. We look again, and find they have come like shadows, and so depart. They have all dissolved into thin air, The Manifest Destiny men have become mere wreaths of smoke to the imagination. And so they are in fact.

One of these gentleman spoke in the Senate on Tuesday. It was Gen. Lewis Cass. He canted, descanted and incanted, and his cantations brought up the same old figures. We had the same spectre of "inevitable war" that the old gentleman used to frighten the women with during the Oregon controversy. But then the General was younger and the "inevitable" of that day had a more distinct outline and wore a fierces aspect than now. The General shook in his shoes and was then plainly in earnest as he declaimed upon "Inevitable War with England" as the sure result of the Oregen boundary question. Now he is less in earnest. He is simply clinging to the skirts of an idea that once possessed him thoroughly. He is making feeble & awkward efforts to replace a mutilated bugaboo that he originally put up, but which fell from its pole long ago. The old gentleman may burst his inexpressibles in the effort to get it into a conspicious position again but he is doomed to fail.

We do not wish to intimate anything to Mr. Cass's discredit. He is an old man. His career is about run. But a short time will elapse before he must sing his nunc dimittes. We cannot impute to him unworthy motives. He professes to be a Chirstain. We think he is, with qualifications. But he made a silly fillibustiering speech on Tuesday. It was without merit or force in idea or expression. It was a poor-re-hash of old meats without pepper or salt. He made it we have no doubt at Mr. Soule's instigation. The Frenchman wanted a sort of snow plough to clear his way and so he put forward the old gentleman. Mr. Cass was always dull and heavy. He is now logy and flatulent. So have we seen old horses pushed on the course and driven past their powers. Whip and spur made them save their distance, but with what heavings and noises would they go over the track!

We cannot think of soberly critisising in detail this effort of the venerable General. It is part himself. It is one chip out of the log. The General is old—so is the speech. The General is spongy, so is the speech. The General is tremulous and fussy—so is the speech. He is full of doubts and fears—so is the speech. He is possessed by vague apprehension of wars and rumors of wars—so is the speech. He is all "mops and brooms" on England and France, and Manifest Destiny, and "inevitable war." So is the speech. Clouds and darkness gather round his mental vision as night of his life approaches, and his thoughts become muddy. So is his speech. The General is feeble and tottering. So is his speech. Why, what statesman not in his dotage would think of inferring the intentions of the French Government from a fugitive publication in a newspaper, containing the extravagant vagaries of moon-struck speculator like Monsieur Duper quier du Dammartin? Or to infer the policy of the English Government from a dashing magazine article of some hare-brained aspirant for notority? Yet upon no better or more solid ground than this, does Gen Cass gravely affirm the policy of both these Governments in respect to their future action upon this continent, and call upon Congress for a vote of defiance!

It is said that old men are good councellors. But not quaking men. Mr. Cass is a quaking man. He always was. He could always see what was not to be seen. He does now. He in 1848 and '9 that 'war is inevitable.' But it did not come. He sees now that England and Eranee are conspiring to arrest the growth and progress of this mighty and rapidly growing Republic; and that unless we forthwith order them off the continent, nobody can tell what mischief may happen. Mr. Cass was frightened, before, at nothing. He is alarmed now at less than nothing. Mr. Cass has had his day. Let him retire. We shall be rid of at least one of the Manifest Destiny statesman, a leading characteristic of all of whom is that they love to dwell upon the vague & uncertain things of the future, rather than devote themselves to the discharge of the vital, practical duties of to-day.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE LUDICROUS.

The following amusing incidents are reported in the New York papers to have been related by Park Benjamin, in his lecture on the Ludicrous, before the Brooklyn Institute:

An anecdote is told of a clergyman who, while in the pulpit praying, chancing to open his eyes, discovered two boys in the gallery, one with very red hair, fast asleep, while the other being awake, was holding his hands to his companion's head, as if warming his hands Such an exhibitions of the ridiculous could not but force itself upon the mind of the minister, and he was obliged to stop in his prayers.

It was Rochefoucault who said, "there is something in the misfortunes of our best friends that pleases us." I have seen a wife who dearly loved her husband, scream with laughter at his bumping his head on the edge of the door. [Laughter.] I have seen dutiful children laugh themselves almost into fits at their father's missing his chair and sitting on the floor—as I did just now. [Laughter.] [On taking his seat at the desk, Mr. B had the misfortune to "let down" upon the floor, owing to the upsetting of the stool.] I have seen people at church unable to restrain their mirth at the sight of a bit of court plaster which had slipped from the forehead down to the extreme end of the pastor's nose. [Laughter.]

Funnier than any joke, more supremely ridiculous than a misfortune, was the incident relative to the "gentleman of color," who left New York on a western tour, and, finding him self in Buffalo without any thing to employ his time, thought he would send a telegraphic dispath back home, inquring of his partner as to their business. He sent this message: "How is things?" To this interrogatory his partner immediately replied: "Things is fine." [Laughter.] Resting on this, he was in no very good temper when he returned home and found his partner had sold out all his goods, pocketed the money, shut up store, and run off with his wife!

We never see ourselves as others see us.—"Three chimney-sweeps," says Hazlett, "happening to meet at Lincoln's Inn Fields, laughed at each other till they came near dying." In cities the sense of the ridiculous is worn off by constant attrition. Let a big fat man slip upon the ice, and you may be sure that those by standers who laugh at him are strangers, because the citizen has been accustomed to such sights.

When the swine had "the freedom of the city," they used to be the occasion of quite as much fun as disgust. They were always performing the most unexpected and the most obslinate feats and exploits on Broadway. A portly female was sailing slowly along Broadway, in all the conscious dignity of city life—dressed out in her silks and satins, her ribbons and laces, her white kid gloves, &c., and looking like a representative of Constantinople (judging from her Sublime Porte) when all of a sudden she found herself sitting upon the back of a fine large porker, who came hurrying round the corner of a street; and so firmly was she seated there that she was treated to a gratuous ride of a whole block before being thrown from her perilous position.—[Laughter.] Whether injured or not by her fall could she be pitied by the bystanders? No; the sense of the ridiculous overruled all feelings of pity or compassion.

Cœsus is said to have laughed to death at seeing a donkey eat thistles.

Pitiable sights, also, not unfrequently suggest the ridiculous. Thus it is the depth of sadness to behold a fellow being drunk and rolling in the gutter. But how ridiculous when, on going up to him and asking him how he got there, and he replies: "I made an appointment to meet a man here!" [Laughter.]

A friend of mine passing a house where there was a funeral, stepped up to an Irishman and asked him if he could inform him who was dead. The Irishman replied; "I can not exactly say, sir, but I presume it is the gentleman in the coffin!"

Thus how absurd appear, through the medium of the ridiculous, all the numberless littleness of life. Ostentation itself is ridiculous. It wears gold rings and satins, and brocades, and laces, and diamond breastpins (which are suspected to be paste;) it has a box at the Opera, to which it goes every night (though bored by the music;) it carries a rare bouquet, rather big, which it presents to a lady in the next box. It has a lorgnette, which it levels on the already discovered stars, or searches the house for other luminaries. It always goes to church Sundays, rain or shine, and reads prayer aloud, and throws a half guinea into the plate with a loud ring. But, while ostentation thus lives wrapt in the mantle of its own selfishness, it is always absurb. People laugh at it.

Much of the ridiculous may be seen in various other departments of life. Look at some of the critics of our day. Look at some of the criticisms in the reviews, where the writer desires to display his own talents rather than give an idea of the work upon which he is writing—making the author a mere hook from which to suspend his own corruscation. That criticisms is very absurb in which the critic judges his author by his own standard of thought or style.

The lecturer also spoke of a man with whom he was acquainted, who thought he was a *poet* because his rymes were published in the weekly papers occasionly. And he also thought himself a very *fashionable* man, because he went to the opera, dressed in the height of fashion, and visited Saratoga once a year. Nevertheless, this very man was the laughing stock of all who knew him. The lecturer had also heard of a young lady who regarded herself as one of the ready-to-be-died-for-kind—one who considered herself as the pink of perfection, and the leader of fashion, who in reality so extremely unattractive as *to be liked by her own sex.* To all such mistaken mortals he would recommend the lines of Burns:

"O wad some power the gittie gie them
To see themselves as ithers see them;
'Twad frae many a blunder free them,
And foolish notion."

Penalties.—The buying of cheap clothes, is the same as that of going to law, the certainty of losing your suit and having to pay for it.

The penalty of marrying is a mother-in-law.

The penalty of of remaing single, is having no one who "cares a button" for you as is abundantly proved by the state of your shirt.

The penalty of thin shoes is a cold.

The penalty of a pretty cook is an empty larder.

The penalty of stopping in Paris is being shot.

The penalty of tight boots is corns.

The penalty of having a haunch of venison sent to you, is inviting a dozen friends to come and eat it.

The penalty of popularity, is envy.

The penalty of a baby is sleepless nights.

The penalty of interference between man and wife, is abuse, frequently accompanied with blows from both.

The penalty of kissing a baby is half a crown five shillings if liberal, to the nurse.

The penalty of a public dinner, is bad wine.

The penalty of a legacy, or a fortune, is a sudden discovery of a host of poor relations you had never dreamed of, and a number of debts you had quite forgotten.

The penalty of lending, is—with a book or an umbrella—the certain loss of it; with your name to a bill, the sure payment of it; and with a horse, chance of ever seeing him back gain sound. [Punch

LAWS OF OHIO

(BY AUTHORITY.)

No 21]

AN ACT.

For the re-organization of the State Library, and to provide for the appointment of Librarian.

Sec. 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio,* That it shall be the duty of the Governor of this State, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to appoint a State Librarian, who shall hold his office for two years, and until his successor shall be appointed and qualified.

Sec. 2. The Librarian, before he enters upon the discharge of his official duties, shall give a bond in the penal sum of ten thousand dollars, with good and sufficient security, to be approved by the Governor, made payable to the State of Ohio, conditioned that he shall faithfully discharge the duties of Librarian, and deliver over to his successor in office all books and other property belonging to the State Library, according to law, and such rules and regulations as may be adopted by the General Assembly.

Sec. 3. That said Librarian shall execute and deliver a receipt to the Treasurer of State, for all books, maps and other property belonging to the State Library, or which may hereafter be purchased for or presented to said Library, specifying in said receipt each book or set of books, map, or article of property separately, which receipt, with the bond given by said Librarian, shall be filed in the Treasurer's office, and the Librarian be held accountable for all said property; and in case of the death, resignation or removal from office of the Librarian, all books, maps and other property belonging to the Library, shall immediately be delivered to his successor in office, taking his receipt for the same, which shall be filed with the State Treasurer, and a credit shall be entered on the receipt of the former Librarian accordingly; but neither the receipt nor the bond of the Librarian shall be given up or cancelled; unless the whole property in his hands shall have been accounted for according to law and the rules and regulations for the government of the State Library

Sec. 4. The Librarian may be removed by Joint Resolution of the General Assembly, for sufficient cause, which shall be specified in such resolution.

Sec. 5. That the resignation of the Librarian shall be made to the Governor, who is hereby authorized to appoint a Librarian in all cases where a vacancy shall happen during the recess of the General Assembly, and the person so appointed shall give the same bond, sign the same receipt, and discharge all the duties appertaining to said office in the same manner as though he had been appointed according to the provisions of the first section of this act, and he shall hold his office until the next session of the General Assembly, and until his successor shall be appointed and qualified.

Sec. 6. That the State Library shall be under the management of a board of commissioners, consisting of the Governor, Secretary of State, and State Librarian.

Sec. 7. That the commissioners of the Library shall have the power to adopt any rules and regulations proper or necessary for the preservation, regulation and increase of the Library, not inconsistent with the law, which the Librarian shall in all things observe, and to superintend and direct all expenditures of appropriations made for the Library.

Sec. 8. That the said board of commissioners shall control the sale of the Reports of the Supreme Court, and all extra copies of statistics and other documents not otherwise appropriated or otherwise advisable to be preserved and kept in the Library, and for the purpose of making such sale, the commissioners may appoint a suitable person upon such terms as they shall deem best, from whom they shall take a bond with satisfactory surety, conditioned for the faithful performance of his duty, and paying over the proceeds of the sales by him [made] and the commissioners shall apply the proceeds of such sales to the increase and preservation of the Library.

Sec. 9. The Commissioners shall direct the Librarian to exchange statutes, journals, legislative documents and other books with other Legislative bodies and Libraries, as he shall deem proper.

Sec. 10. All persons shall be permitted to visit the Library and examine and read the books there, without taking the same therefrom, under such regulations as the board of commissioners shall prescribe. Members and ex-Members of the General Assembly, Judges of the Supreme Court and Court of Common Pleas, officers of State and their clerks actually engaged in the service of the State, and the Clerks and Sergeants-at-arms of the General Assembly, shall have free access to the use of the books of the Library, and have the liberty of taking the same out, under such regulations as the commissioners may determine; but no public officer or other person having a right to take books out of the Library, shall have the authority to give any other person an order to take books out of the same, and if any person having such rights shall give such order, or otherwise obtain books out of the Library to be used by any other person not having such right, such person shall thereupon forfeit all right to take books therefrom.

Sec. 11. That the commissioners of the State Library, shall, five days preceding the commencement of each regular session of the General Assembly, make a report to the Governor, of all receipts and expenditures, and of the condition of the Library, and all other matters in relation thereto that they may deem sepedient for the information of General Assembly; and said report shall be communicated by the Governor to the General Assembly, along with the reports of the Executive Departments and State Institutions.

Sec. 12. That act entitled "An act relating to the State Library," passed January 29, 1824, and the act to regulate the State Library, passed March 6th, 1845, be, and the same are hereby repealed.

JAMES C. JOHNSON,
Speaker of the House of Rep's.
WILLIAM MEDILL,
President of the Senate.
January 27, 1853.